

One Half Bottle Earned Him \$50

READ Mr. McLean's letter. See how one half bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure earned him \$50. The other half of the bottle may earn him even more. Many men make a mistake of buying lame horses and leaving them up with Kendall's Spavin Cure. If you don't get a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, you are making a big mistake.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

and be ready to cure cases of Curb, Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growth or other cases. Thousands of other farmers are doing it. If you have been doing it for over 25 years, it's the best, sure, remedy you can depend on. Let a bottle at once and see how much it will save or cure for you. A full bottle \$1.00. A half bottle 60c. Ask a vet. or druggist for "Kendall's Spavin Cure." "Treasure on the Hoof," or write to DR. J. KENDALL, COMPANY, Crossburg Falls, Vermont.

WANTED

Elm and White Ash Logs.

Pulpwood of all kinds.

C. R. Taplin

ORLEANS, VERMONT
Phone 34-4

"THE LAND WE LOVE"

A new book of poems by Judge Wendell P. Stafford

A book of poems, chiefly patriotic, will be published on Dec. 11 containing all the Vermont poems of the author, tributes to our great men, some choice religious poems and a group of love songs. Richly bound in blue cloth, 115 pages, with a picture of the Lincoln statue at Newark, N. J. Sent postpaid for \$1.25. Order now.

Arthur F. Stone
St. Johnsbury, - Vermont

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Orleans, ss.

The Honorable Probate Court, for the District aforesaid.

To all persons interested in the estate of George Henry Chasse and Doris G. Chasse, Minors.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, application in writing hath been made to this Court by the guardian of said minors for license to sell the real estate of said wards, viz: the interest of said wards in a summer cottage on the shore of Otter Pond, in said Craftsbury, representing that the sale thereof for the purpose of putting the proceeds of such sale at interest, or investing the same in stocks or other real estate, or using the avails thereof for the benefit of said wards as the law directs would be beneficial for said wards.

WHEREUPON, the said Court appointed and assigned the 5th day of January, 1917, at the Probate Office in Newport at 10 o'clock a.m. in said District, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton in said district, which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested therein, all which publications shall be previous to the day appointed for hearing.

THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, then and there in said Court to make your objections to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand at Newport in said district, this 19th day of December 1916.

RUFUS W. SPEAR, Judge

Judge for Yourself

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Barton Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented.

The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, A lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it?

You will read of many so-called cures. Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.

It is different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Barton case:

W. F. Mitchell, farmer, Elm street, Barton, says: "About five years ago my kidneys became disordered and I had some trouble with my back. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and too frequent, both day and night. The secretions were highly colored, also. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and tried them. Two boxes of this medicine helped me greatly. I know Doan's Kidney Pills are reliable and entitled to great praise."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Mitchell had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Beautiful Adventure

by Izola Forrester

(Copyright.)

It was a supreme test of friendship, visiting the Delmars on New Year's. Wrapped to her ears in fur, with a cap meeting her collar, Winifred stood on the bleak little platform at Byers' Corners and looked through the snowfall for anything that seemed to be a conveyance.

She had left Boston at 5:45—plenty of time to reach Windyheath in good time, Anne had written her.

"It's just a nice little run over from Providence on the Providence and Willimantic line. We'll meet you at Byers' Corners. The trains only stop there on signal or to let off visitors, and the only visitors that ever come are ours. If Rolf or I can't come over I'll send a wonderful substitute."

Evidently Rolf, Anne and the substitute had been overcome by the storm. Trains had been delayed from Boston to Providence and on the little local line they had waited again and again along the way. There had been no real need of any signal to let her off when Byers' Corners came in view. The drifts were so high that it took the train 20 minutes to get out of Byers' Corners, let alone getting in.

But again Anne had written: "Don't feel discouraged getting to us. We live in the quaintest little village perched on the top of a hill but it is wonderful when you get here and we're piling on big logs for you."

Miss Smith hurried through the entry way.

"Ira's back with a bigger team and he's going to take you through all right, he says. He drove over that bad spot in the roads and broke it for you. And he's telephoned to Mrs. Delmar that you're coming."

It was nearly two when they reached Windyheath. All of the windows of the big country house were lighted up, and Anne herself, wrapped in a wonderful velvet and fur housegown, ran down the steps to meet them.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried when she had Winifred safely upstairs in her room. "You poor child!"

"I'm not poor," Winifred said radiantly. "I've had the most beautiful adventure of my whole life, and I'm in love. I agree with you and fate this time."

"But it isn't Gregory I want you to meet," faltered Anne. "You haven't gone and fallen in love with dear old Greg?"

"I have," Winifred laughed happily. "Both of us have. I never believed in love at first sight before, or anything like it, but I've made some wonderful resolutions for the new year this time."

"Now listen to me and the whole comedy. Anne curled up on the bed confidentially. "The man you were to marry is right down smoking with Rolf this minute. He's Madison Forbes, with money, position, everything, my dear. But he didn't think you'd try to make the trip such a night, so I've been 'phoning madly everywhere to find out if you had arrived and where. Then I would have tried to get to you. We went out a car and it couldn't get through, and the horses couldn't either."

"Don't worry," Winifred smiled at her reflection in the triple mirror at the dressing table. "I don't give a rap about the money or position or anything. Anna. We've been right out into the primitive world together, lost in the snow, and I'd go with him to the ends of the world if this blessed old world had any ends. He said, just as we were driving in here, it was the most promising New Year's he had ever known."

Harvard's New Degree.

Anticipation aroused by Harvard's announcement of a new degree, that of Ph. D. in business economics, are already being rapidly dissipated. Instead of being a sign of proficiency in standing Wall Street upon its head, the new degree turns out to be meant for teachers rather than practitioners of business. The academic trail, as usual, is over it all. There are ominous remarks about the free use of books in French and German, and something about being "well grounded" in European and American history. The "fields" listed for the general examination of the candidate for the new doctorate are more to the point, although economic theory is required for everybody instead of for those only who do not intend to go into business, and there is nothing in the description of the courses in marketing, foreign trade, industrial management and labor problems, and money and banking, about laboratory work. It is too evident that our most advanced universities still look upon their business courses as they have long looked upon their law courses—as convenient means of imparting knowledge merely. If Harvard wants to make a hit, let her induce some millionaire to put up a stock exchange in the Yard, which may do for thousands what her medical school and her courses in play writing are doing for a comparative handful.—New York Post.

Stood on the Bleak Little Platform.

and the latching dangles, so be sure and come. Also, I have your romance! He has come true, Win, at last, and he's all that anyone who loves you could wish for you."

It certainly was stimulating, if nothing else, both the lure of the letter and the trip itself. Winifred went around the other side of the tiny station and heard voices. A man was arguing about some way of reaching the Delmars, and the stocky driver of a two-horse sleigh demurred evasively.

"It's nine miles ordinarily up there and we'd have to go roundabout by Butts' bridge tonight 'cause the roads ain't been broke through 'tother way and then like enough we'd never make it. It's worth five dollars to drive over there, every cent of it."

"I'll pay you five," said the stranger. "Hurry up."

"I can't guarantee to get you there but I'll do my best. This here's the only team in town you could get to-night. There's a dance over at Pomfret Green and everybody's gone. I meant to go, but I had to take some folks down to this train, so I don't mind making a little going since I had to earn some coming."

"Oh, could I go with you, please?" Winifred broke in. "I'd pay half, don't you know, and there's plenty of room. I'm going to the Delmars, too."

It seemed too good to be true when she found herself safely tucked away on the back seat, with buffalo robes around her and the two horses taking up the road splendidly, their hoofs throwing back a spray of light snow.

He was Gregory Ramsdell, he told her, writer and globe trotter. He had just got back from a year at the front in Europe and he said Connecticut hills looked better to him than all the old world put together. Even in the darkness the pine trees stood out, their branches heavy with snow, and before them here and there in the fields were clumps of white birch and red oak, with dry leaves still clinging to their boughs. The stars shone famously up in the winter sky.

Gregory half turned in his seat and talked. They had many friends in common. He had known Rolf since they were boys back in Denver. Neither of them noticed after five miles had been covered that the horses were walking, breasting the drifts and literally wading through, until they came to a dead halt and the driver jumped out. They couldn't go on, he said. The snow was up to the top of the fences as

far as one could see. He could turn around and get them up to the old Annabelle Smith place, where there was a telephone, and they could call up Windyheath.

"It's only nine-thirty," Gregory said reassuringly. "And we don't get an adventure every day. Let's go."

The Smith place was dark when they reached it, but the driver knocked lustily and finally there was a faint, frightened voice from the inner side of the front door asking who it was at that time of night. Gregory explained, with the driver's help, and they were admitted.

"But you can't get word through to-night. The wires don't work. They never do after a big storm on these here party lines," said Miss Smith, holding up a big oil lamp. "Just step right into the kitchen and you stir up the fire, Ira. Make yourselves to home, folks. Ira can drive back and maybe telephone from the village up there."

Winifred never forgot that New Year's eve. After Ira had gone, they sat out in the cheery old kitchen, drinking tea, eating nuts and apples and mince pie, and getting fearfully well acquainted, as Miss Smith put it laughingly. Gregory carried in wood and split kindlings for morning, and looked up for the night. While Miss Smith went up to look after her old bedridden father, they sat together by the fire, and somehow talked away. The old clock up on the chimney mantle softly struck twelve in the silence. Winifred looked up and smiled, her head leaning back on the cushioned top of the old black rocker.

"Happy New Year!" she said. "Isn't it the queerest thing, our being way up here miles from everyone we know, and not knowing each other even, and starting off the new year together?"

"It's great," Gregory clasped his hands around one knee, seated on the woodbox under the big Dutch oven. "I'm not superstitious, but after rambling for a year over there this seems awfully much worth while. You know I'd almost begun to think, if you won't mind my saying so, that there wasn't anyone like you in the world."

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CALEDONIA, COUNTY.

The past week has been the busiest in years at the plant of the Fairbanks Scale company of St. Johnsbury. One shipment of 45 carloads of finished scales was made, this being the largest single shipment ever sent out of the town.

The annual reports of the St. Johnsbury village officers have been completed. They show that the trustees estimate for the past year were \$42,000, the net expenses of the various departments were \$42,999.52, and the trustees estimate the expenses for the coming year to be \$47,700 which looks like an increase in the village tax for the coming year.

The following Caledonia county cases are printed in the trial calendar for the session of the supreme court which sets in Montpelier Tuesday: Herman D. Webster vs. Sherburn Lang and Luther D. Harris; The Continental Jewelry company, apt. vs. estate of David Frechette; Leon Dane vs. Neoma Bean; John E. Harris, apt., vs. William E. Bailey, general assumpsit; Ida Mae Beulac vs. L. S. Robie and Pearl Slayton; State vs. Joseph Pilver, selling.

The jury disagreed in the famous "Dr." George W. Bolton malpractice case tried in Caledonia county last week. Another trial of this case is set for January.

WEST BURKE

Gladys Williams is quite ill.

Mrs. Worthen spent Christmas with her son, O. L. Worthen.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Bugbee are visiting their son in Barre.

Mrs. Simon Bartlett has been quite ill during the past week.

Mrs. Fanny Chesley of Lyndon visited at A. C. Way's last week.

Lizzie Duval is much better and will be quite herself in a short time.

There will be a watch night service at the Methodist church Sunday evening.

A son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGill Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyzanski returned last week to their home in Brookline, Mass.

Miss Lillian Fairbrother of Auburn, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Arthur Bishop of Burlington spent a few days with relatives in town recently.

Miss Angie Davis is home from her school in Montclair, N. J., for a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gaskell of St. Johnsbury spent Christmas at F. G. Gaskell's.

Miss Celia Spencer is at home from her school in Waltham, Mass., for Christmas week.

Mrs. T. J. Walsh was called to New York Wednesday night by the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. Marion Stewart has been working in B. D. Ruggles' store during the Christmas rush.

Mrs. Clara Ross spent the latter part of last week with her son, Leon and family, in Sheffield.

Miss Beatrice Chappell has been clerking for Miss Florence Humphrey during the past week.

Ruth Leach and Loren Jenkins are at home from Montpelier seminary for the Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fowle of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. Kate Fowle.

Mrs. Mountain of Waterbury, Conn., is visiting her two daughters, Mrs. Solomon and Mrs. Curtis Stoddard.

Mrs. Charles Coburn has about 40 hens, and during the past week has gathered ten dozens of eggs. Who has done better?

The Misses Laila and Glenn Roundy are at home from Springfield, Mass., and St. Johnsbury for the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace entertained Mr. and Mrs. Mosher and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh of Barton, and Porter Wallace and family of Newark on Christmas.

The service Sunday evening was very interesting, and the singing by the children was much enjoyed, as was the story of "The Other Wise Man," told by the pastor.

Miss Myrtle Aldrich received a Christmas gift of a handsome gold watch and a very pretty rug, from the subscribers of the West Burke Telephone exchange and a few other interested friends and she feels very grateful to her friends for the beautiful gifts which she appreciates more than words can tell.

STANNARD

Christmas tree and exercises were held at the church Monday.

There were exercises and a tree in both schools Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Emma Christie of Glover visited her sister, Mrs. Garfield, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Way went to Walden Tuesday to attend his sister's funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burroughs have been spending the past week in St. Johnsbury.

Lyle Hutchins has moved back to his farm, the one purchased of the Harry Clark estate.

Mrs. Emma Garfield was called to St. Johnsbury Tuesday to attend the funeral of her father.

There was a pleasant gathering and family tree at the home of Fred Fuller Christmas eve.

Walter Allen is drawing lumber for Will Richards from the Bullard farm he purchased last fall.

Frank E. Hutchins and Oscar Patch are home from Lyndon institute for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Lillian Blodgett, Mrs. Alden McEwen and Nettie Lundgren made a business trip to Hardwick Monday.

SHEFFIELD

W. H. Gray of Windsor is spending some time at home.

Griffon Niles and family are in Newport Center for a time.

Lyle Jenness of Windsor spent Christmas at his home here.

Don't forget the social at Harry Davis' Friday afternoon and evening.

Summer Eastman has returned home after spending a week in Newport.

Mrs. Percy Kenerston of Burke has been visiting relatives and friends for a few days.

Irving Brown and son, Eston, spent last week in Boston and brought a bride home with him.

Doris Jones has returned home from Boston to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Jones.

The contest in the Sons and Daughters, with Alice Davis and Ada Sheldon as captains, closed last week. Ada Sheldon's side coming out ahead by several hundred points.

UNION HOUSE DISTRICT

Mrs. Fred Robbins has gone to Berlin, N. H., to visit her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. George Judd of St. Johnsbury recently visited his uncle, H. W. Bennett.

Miss Frances Finnigan went to her home in Graniteville Saturday to spend the holidays.

Gardner Bennett, who works in Watertown, Mass., and Winifred Bennett and Miss Ladue of Lyndonville spent the week-end at H. W. Bennett's.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

A. F. Stoddard recently cut his foot quite badly.

B. H. Curtis is home from Boston for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McShane and family spent Christmas in Newport.

Miss Marie Touseant of St. Johnsbury is visiting at G. H. McFarland's.

Miss Matie Sias of Greenland, N. H., is at the home of her grandfather, O. T. Curtis, for the holidays.

Although the weather was decidedly unfavorable Friday night there was a good crowd at the Christmas tree and all had a fine time. A vote of thanks is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who so kindly opened their home.

New Field for Experts.

Naming the baby is an important matter, and judging from the names some parents select, our personal opinion is that they would have done better to have left it to an expert.—Detroit Free Press.

F. B. TOWER

Barton, : : Vermont

MANY THANKS

For the very liberal patronage you have given us during the Christmas season.

We have tried to please our patrons and we believe we have been fairly successful. If anything you have bought of us is not satisfactory in every way, we ask as a favor that you return it for exchange. We have not advertised cheap goods, but have tried to sell goods of high quality cheap. If you have not received one of our souvenirs, we should be pleased to give you one if you will call.

Wishing you a very Happy New Year.

C. L. & E. L. HUTCHINS

Below Passenger Station
BARTON, VT.

Closing-Out Sale of all Winter Goods

Just when you need a good Winter Dress, Skirt or Shirt Waist, I am going to offer my entire line of these goods at prices below what you have seen before. If you miss this sale you will miss a chance to save money. I still have a good line of Winter Millinery and it will all be included in this sale.

This Sale Begins Saturday, Dec. 30th

Don't miss it if you want to have your dollar buy more than it ever has done before.

MRS. C. L. HUTCHINS

DAVIS BLOCK,
BARTON, VT.

Through Death Valley